

Introduction to human biology 103

OC OC

Hey guys, thanks again for reading my little things, i appreciate it very much. I now realize that I'm going to need a bit of planning for this to make some sort of coherent sense as i'm currently just writing on the fly and its only a matter of time before I contradict myself. I wanted to do one last update however before I get to the drawing board, so maybe a week before I get some more out. Next time around, we'll have actual classes with the other species and we'll actually learn about their biology as well and maybe get them to do some sports.

Part 1

Part 2

Part 4

Sitting at a desk relatively appropriate to his size, Jean-Francois worked on programming the translator with help from his laptop. The hardest thing to find onboard the station during the last 36 hours, had been human sized furniture and accessories.

Aside from that small failing, he had been most impressed by how quickly things got done around here. They'd each brought a personal computer or tablet with them which allowed the station crew to adapt the technology of the translator to be able to interface with it, allowing for much faster programming.

Once that was done, use of image and video could be made available, only then needing the user to input words or phrases to describe certain actions or objects. It seemed there was already some kind of library of information, gestures, concepts and actions that merely needed defining. Like a complex book for children, where pictures corresponded to the word at the bottom.

It started off simple enough, showing examples of one object in various settings and increasing numbers, in order to establish a number system. Manually inputting numbers up to 1000 was long and boring but necessary. Jean-Francois wasn't even sure that 1000 would be enough, he'd have to add more to it later. Where to stop though? Millions, billions?

An idea then came to him, he'd focus on words first and then be able to ask for help in devising a faster and better way of doing it.

Obviously, there would be some words lost in translation or ideas that were unknown but the translator would work well enough to communicate, updates and more words could always be added later.

Jean-Francois was almost done putting the finishing touches on his translator when someone sounded the interrupter at his door. He stretched as he got up, the joints in his body creaking softly in the low gravity. Staying hunched over as he programmed it was starting to get monotone and he welcomed the distraction.

With his translator at the ready, Jean-Francois equipped it on his right ear and went to open the door, laying his hand on the nearby panel, which detected his DNA and allowed for locking and unlocking.

Jean-Francois looked out the door, seeing no one or nothing and was about to shut it close when something moved at the periphery of his vision.

All the way down, a small round ball of fur was doing circles. He knelt in order to get closer to the same level as it.

"Ah, hello there. What brings you here?"

The creature spoke rapidly in some high pitched squeaks. Jean-Francois waited for the translator to start but it seemed to not be starting. A few moments before giving up on it however, the creature stopped talking and the translator began.

"Good. Your translator work. When time have, room 23C deck 2. Goodbye."

The small critter proceeded to roll away, leaving Jean-Francois alone.

"Ah, it only begins translating after the user stops speaking, good to know. I need to add more words to it but it's nice that it's working. Seems like it goes both ways, the more vocabulary I add to it, the greater the translations I receive and the more sophisticated mine also become."

Deciding that it'd be best to fill up the translator a bit more before meeting other species, Jean-Francois resigned himself to work a bit more on it. He concentrated on expanding the vocabulary, that way, even if the sentences weren't lined up perfectly, he could still make things out.

A grueling thirty minutes later of trying to think of words to add that weren't redundant, Jean-Francois decided to go check how Barry was doing on his end.

Their rooms weren't very far, simply across the corridor and around a corner. Jean-Francois sounded the bell like mechanism, alerting Barry to his presence. It did not take long, as Barry opened the door and greeted Jean-Francois with his traditional greeting.

"Hey man, what's up?"

Jean-Francois slightly cringed on the inside, he had hoped that Barry would be more professional. Although on second thought, did aliens really understand human culture and would know what is proper and isn't?

"Not much. I've just come to see how you're doing. Any progress on the translator?"

Jean-Francois stepped into Barry's room as his colleague retreated inside of it after saying hi. Fetching his own translator, Barry put it on as well.

"Hey I've got an idea. You probably programmed yours in french right? I did mine in english, maybe we can test it out on each other?"

They took turns, saying small simple sentences, making sure the translator did its job well and filling in the blanks when it came up empty on a certain word. Seeing time fly by, Jean-Francois remembered he had to go to a meeting.

"Hey Barry, I was told to go somewhere for a meeting, want to come?"

Barry thought about it for a second and nodded.

"Yeah, sure man."

If Jean-Francois had to use a word to describe Barry and only a single one, it would probably be chill. He had no idea how he'd actually made it in this selection as he was one of the most laid back go with the flow person he'd ever met.

Jean-Francois and Barry walked down the corridors, looking for a deck 2 and a room 23C. It proved a difficult task however, as none of the markings used the human alphabet at all. Scratching his head, Jean-Francois looked around for any possible help. He spotted an alien crew member doing some maintenance work on a small panel. He walked up to him, hoping it wouldn't bother him too much.

"Hello. I was wondering if you could help me find a room?"

The translator did its job, connecting to the other nearby translators in range and expressing that sentence, those words, into something the other could understand. The maintenance worker, a slightly smaller creature close to a meter tall with three legs, replied to his request.

"Which room need?"

"Deck 2, room 23C."

"Take moving stair three corners from existence then move self thirty spans of height starboard."

"Oookay, thank you. I think I can decipher that."

So take some kind of elevator, then move uhhh 180 feet towards the side this station is steered. Oh boy.

It took a little bit of time but the duo soon found the room they were meant to go to. Thankfully, the door was already opened as they got there. Jean-Francois hesitated on entering unannounced but Barry stepped right up, entering and calling out.

"Hello? Anybody here?"

The room was dimly lit, the shapes being hard to discern. A voice called out to them and stood up from where it was seated.

"Hello. Pleased that you make translators work. Basic, good. Have a sit."

The lights slowly became brighter, revealing more of the room. It looked to be some kind of office, work office to be more precise. Upon closer inspection, it was the same tall lanky alien that they had seen the day before. At least that's what it seemed like to Jean-Francois, it could very well be another, he'd only seen the one and wasn't sure he could discern them if he saw another.

A few different size and types of chairs were present in the room, likely to accommodate different species. Barry noticed something similar to a bean bag and hurriedly jumped on it.

"Dibs!"

Jean-Francois spotted something resembling a stool but with a back and settled for that.

The alien returned to its position behind the apparent desk, a ring rose up and covered half of its body, filling with water afterwards.

"Passed first test, translator work. Presently in orientation. Must evaluate human. Make sure safe, no harm. Soon, join students and learning. Time needed, perform test on human sample. Make sure safe from other species."

Jean-Francois noticed the translator seemed to slowly improve the more it worked. It likely held some form of AI or adaptive programming that allowed it to learn on the go.

"Other human also pass test. Few human minutes before you. First time same species all finish work so quick. Human good potential. Already spent time at academy? Back on world."

"Thank you for the compliment. Your crew certainly helped with getting us set up to work with our computers, that helped immensely. Are you asking if we have schools back home? There's a few levels of schooling, yes. We were about to enter college or university before coming here."

The alien's colors changed, from green and blue to a more subtle teal and yellow combination. It's demeanor seemed happy.

"Ooh. New word. College. University. Mhmmm, delicious. It designates...specific learning. Advanced learning. Yes, good description. Most other species, only teach the...special few. Ressource not wasted. Human different. Different good, different better. For my species, speech is pleasure. Vibrations help us. Most of us work with translating and being diplomats"

Barry and Jean-Francois sat, mesmerized by the dialogue. It finally felt like real first contact, like they were having a real conversation with aliens and learning more about them.

"Enough for now. May go to rooms. One human period of sleep from now, if all test results good, join academy students in learning. Don't worry translator, takes time. This progress good, quick. Some species take many cycles to this point. Some species even fewer words. Some species also more words. Treyni, plant species, have 50 different words for plant. It is necessary, depend on plant, live with plant. Sorry, got carried away. Please, deserve rest, enjoy."

The lights dimmed once more, indicating to Barry and Jean-Francois that the alien wanted time to itself. Jean-Francois breathed a sigh of relief, he'd been so stressed out but everything was working out alright. They parted ways and headed back to their rooms on their own. If what the alien was telling them was right, the next morning life was about to get very interesting again.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the station, a certain Lso'na lay in a bed of coins, a tradition dating back millenia, reading her copy of the human 'internet' on her handheld device. She'd heard from her father that they had finally arrived about 36 hours ago, her tail danced happily side to side as she heard the news.

She hoped they would pass the basic tests the academy administers without much hassle. Judging from what she could read of them, they should have a good grasp on the basics. One thing in particular however, piqued her interest. She had managed to find some material on dragons, as they called her race, on their internet but most of the information was inaccurate. There was however, some information that was scarily very accurate. How would the humans know about dragons? This was essentially first contact for their species, or was it?